

B. D. — Who is since dead, and therefore he certainly won't come.

M. — I certainly was very much struck with an alteration for the worse. Besides he dresses very extraordinarily.

D. — Slovenly ?

M. — Oh, No! I To ! He's very dandified, and yet not an English dandy. When I saw him he was dressed in a curious foreign cap, a frogged great coat, and had a gold chain round his neck and pushed into his waistcoat pocket. I asked him if he wore a glass and took it out, when I found fixed to it a set of trinkets. He had also another gold chain tight round his neck, something like a collar. He had then a plan of buying a tract of land and living in South America. When I saw Scrope Davies and told him that Byron was growing fat he instantly said, 'Then he'll never come to England.'

M. — Rogers is the most wonderful man in conversation that I know. If he could write as well as he speaks he would be matchless, but his faculties desert him as soon as he touches a pen.

D. — It is wonderful how many men of talent have been so circumstanced.

M. — Yes! Curran, I remember, began a letter to a friend thus: 'It seems that directly I take a pen into my hand it remembers and acknowledges its allegiance to its mother goose.' . . .

D. — Have you read the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*?

M. — Yes.

D. — It is an extraordinary piece of writing.

M. — I thought it an ambitious style and full of bad taste.

D. — You should allow for the opium.

You know it is a

genuine work. M. — Indeed. D. —

Certainly. The author's name is De

Quincey. He lives

at the lakes. I know a gentleman who has seen him.

Murray. — I have seen him myself. He came to me on business once. He was the man whom the Lowthers procured to edit a paper against Brougham's party. He read me the prospectus, and the first thing he said was

¹ See *Vivian Grey*, Bk. IV. ch. 1, where the foregoing conversation, about Byrou is reproduced almost

verbatim.